

MISCELLANEOUS.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

BY REV. CHAS. B. PITTSFORD.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."—1 COR. II, 9.

"How can I be happy?" That was the question of a king. The dervish replied, as he pointed to the eagle's nest high on the cliff, "build thy home in heaven!" The text tells of a heaven where we may build our soul-nest. It does not refer to heaven in eternity, but to the heaven here of Christian experience, or of the Spirit's revelation. We cannot prepare a heaven for ourselves. When you build a lasting paradise we want to see it. When you make one timelike of bliss let us know. The Spirit is the only revealer of heavenly and spiritual things. Science may reveal some of the coarser, ruder truths. It may dissect a butterfly; but it cannot reveal the life which makes it a butterfly. It weighed the brains of Byron and Webster, but it found not that which made the one a poet, and the other an orator. It may grind a rock to powder, but it cannot reveal the God who built the rock. While there are some things scientifically revealed, and other things practically revealed, there are other and higher things only spiritually revealed. "He hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."

I. THE CONDITION OF THE SPIRIT'S REVELATION.

Right conditions are essential to all kinds of revelations. The condition to see four thousand such firmaments as ours, is a telescope. The condition to see the spheres circling in a drop of pond water, is a microscope. The condition to hear music in the cells of forest trees, is an ear trumpet not yet discovered. The condition to appreciate Haydn's harmonies, is a trained and sympathetic ear. Some one said to Samuel Johnson, when in a concert room, "Listen, doctor; this is a very difficult piece." "Difficult!" growled the doctor, "I wish it were impossible." While music was a revelation to Handel, it was only noise to Johnson and Pope; and while it was rapture to Paganini, it was only annoyance to Mackintosh. The condition to hear the mystic undertone in the hymn of the waterfall, and in the "bumping" of the bittern among the reeds, and in the song of the bobolink, is poetic. A condor can hear the storm howling round the rock on which it dwells, and a roebuck can see the thyme it crops, but the poetic ear can hear music in the storm that haunts the rock where the condor dwells, and the poetic eye can see beauty in the thyme which the roebuck crops. Without poetic sight and hearing, the beauty and tone worlds are shut out. Just so without the soul-senses, the spiritual world is shut out.

According to our text the condition of spiritual revelation is "love." Love is queen. She is superior to theology, to science, to poetry. Humanity is beggared without her. Lacking her pathos man would shrivel up like an autumn leaf, or freeze like a drop of water when the thermometer is forty degrees below zero. At Love's girdle hang the keys to the hanks of God. She holds the Father's hand in the night tempest, and feels safe. She binds the Christ and the Christian together, and opens the soul to the revelations of heaven. Art thou a lover of God in Christ, or art thou still in the region where no heavenly revelations come to the soul?—in the Greenland of controversy? in the Sahara of mere reason? Spiritual revelations come only to the soul that loves God in Christ supremely. You may love your country like a patriot, fight for it like a hero, and, after all, you may have to take up in eternity the wail of the exile. You may love humanity, so as to give it the hardest toil of hand and brain, and, after all, find your eternity among the loveless. You may love nature, so that every corn-busk or basilisk is an evangel, and every glimpse of reef-rock or tarn is an ecstasy, and, after all, you may die and wake up in a world where every object will be a terror, and every sound an agony. Nature has something to give her lovers, but it does not amount to very much to immortals.

"Visions, as poetic eyes saw,
Hang to each leaf and cling to every bough."

Emerson may go into ecstasies over the "burly, dozing humble-bee;" his ecstasy is nothing but poetic sentiment. Shelley may tremble into rapture over the skylark.

"In the golden lightning of the suken sun;"

but his rapture is mere sensation. La Place might revel amid the glories of the skies; so might Halley. But the highest revelations they ever enjoyed from the firmaments were, of necessity, either sensual or intellectual. No spiritual revelation to the mere scientist or poet. But while the lover of God may have all the sensual and intellectual revelations that are worth having, he may also enjoy the spiritual blisses which God hath prepared and revealed to them that love Him. "He that loveth Me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself unto him."

II. THE JOY OF THE SPIRIT'S REVELATION.

First. The Spirit reveals to the loving heart things of richer beauty than the sensual "eye" ever saw. "Eye hath not seen." It may be no crazy idealism of philosophy when it tells

about beauty dwelling in the mind, rather than in the violet or the timouse. It may be that sublimity has its home, not so much in twilight suns, as in the human spirit of the gazer. Nevertheless, the eye is the medium through which the soul gathers the beauties, which it may half create, from the copse and cascade, from the cordillera and the corn-craze. Since first through the eye, mind and matter met, rich, rife communications have been going on—going on through sailor's eyes, and farmer's eyes and traveler's eyes and painter's eyes. All men feel, with Keats, that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." But "eye hath not seen" beauty rich enough, nor sublimity magnificent enough to stir the soul with such joy, as stirs it when the Spirit reveals to it the fadeless beauty of Jesus. I remember the quiver of delight with which I looked, for the first time, upon a sunrise on the Atlantic. As fresh as of yore is the strange pleasure that fluttered through my young soul when first I beheld a mossy dingle full of primroses—clusters by the brook, clusters along the frescoes, clusters everywhere. Since then my soul-eyes have been opened, and I have been thrilled with deeper joys. Since then I have stood in the sunrise of Righteousness, and gazed upon the Lily of the Valley, and felt "the perfection of beauty" satisfying my soul with freshness of joy, with bewilderment of peace. A blind boy had a successful operation performed on his eyes. When he first looked upon nature he cried, "O mother, why did you not tell me the world was so beautiful?" Many a soul with newly-opened eyes has cried, "Why did you not tell me Immanuel was so beautiful?" Who can? That mother could more easily have given her little blind son an idea of the world bathed in gold, than man or angel could give the blind soul an idea of the beauty of Christ. He is the Altogether Lovely.

Second. The Spirit reveals to the loving, things of greater harmony and eloquence than the sensual "ear" ever heard. "Nor ear heard," etc. Ears have heard nature singing her matin cantatas and her gloaming doxologies. Ears have been charmed with echoes among crags and woodlands—with the echoes of the falcon's scream and the cuckoo's call, and the school-boy's shout. Ears have been ravished with the music of art and the magic words of oratory. But music is too gross and the words of eloquence, even of masters like Bossuet and Edward Irving, too vague and stuttering, to reveal any conception of the music and eloquence of revelation "things." "No ear ever heard" such melody as fills the soul when the Holy Ghost touches the keys of the organ of grace and glory. Young Mendelssohn went into the cathedral between services. He sat down at the organ and began to play. The priests heard the music and came in to listen. They wondered. They drew nearer. They were electrified with the gushing harmony. The Gospel is a grand spiritual organ. When played upon by the Spirit the loving listeners are entranced. The nearer they approach, the more they are transported with the music that gushes up where keys of prophecy and promise, invitation and reward, are touched by the Ghost of God. How the music of pardon enraptures and the music of sanctification entrances the soul. Roll on, O harmonies of the Spirit! roll on through the channels and aisles and corridors of our souls. Music! Holy Ghost music!

Third. The Spirit reveals things of greater affection than human love ever enjoyed, and of keener nerve than genius ever dreamed. "Neither have entered into the heart," etc. Heart is the fountain of love. Since Adam saw Eve the world has been full of lovers. All down the ages hearts have clasped and felt the magnetic tingle; souls have mingled and known the joy of oneness. Precious and priceless are the revelations of human love; but the revelations of Divine love are infinitely more precious. This love fills the whole soul as the sunlight fills the raindrop. Other love is pleasure; this is ecstasy. This love haunts the palaces and grottoes deep down in the ocean of peace, where human love can never cast her plumb-line. This love is familiar among the mountain tops of bliss where the foot of human love can never stand.

Heart is also the fountain of imagination. Marvelous things imagination has done for man. All facts are prose until touched by her magic finger. She has filled the ages with her achievements, but her loftiest ideals have never been executed. The sublimest poems are unwritten. The *Æneid* is but a baby poem compared with the poems that stirred in Virgil's heart. More golden poetry flashed through the soul of the "Etrick Shepherd" than he poured into his "Queen's Wake." But, do you know, that mere poetry, however nutcracker, is rude poetry, or cold, crazy prose, compared with the poetry of the Holy Ghost that bubbles and boils and flashes through the souls of the revelation men? The Parthenon was but a vulgar structure, compared with the ideal temple of Ictinus, the architect. Titian's ideal paintings were lovelier far than his "Sleeping Venus." Oh, the pictures of imagination that have entered the heart! but imagination never waxed brilliant enough to bring into the heart things so sublime and entrancing as the Spirit brings, refreshing, mellowing, purifying, and enriching. No picture can entrance the heart like the Spirit's glorification of Jesus. See that man standing before Ruben's "Descent of Christ from the Cross." The sexton comes to him and says, "It is now time to close." The man gazing at the picture cries, "Wait a moment,

—wait till they get Him down." He was spell-bound by gazing at the picture of a dead Christ. Do you know what it is to be spell-bound, by the Spirit's revelations of the real living Jesus, so that pleasure loses its fascination and gold its witchery and fame its strenuousness? Jesus pictured by the Holy Ghost—rapture! No dreams of wealth or beauty or fame can equal this. You talk of "castles in the air." Dreamy boys build them. Ambitious men and women build them. We would not care to vote for a man who never built an air-castle. But hasten to hear that the Spirit reveals realities more delicious far than all the air-castles ever built! Glorious revelations! The purest dreams of genius, the afflatus of the painter, the verse of the poet are mere stupor compared with the "things" revealed to the heart of the revelation men.

Yes, the Spirit reveals paradisaical things. He can impart the soul amid splendors that shame the paradise sung of by Milton and Moore. He can implant man in a spiritual Alhambra. He can embower his lover in an eternal summer. He never polishes up an old June and says, "take that back again." It is not his way to gather worn-out lilies of past joy, and presenting them to us, say, "There, put these in the little lake of your heart. Make the best of them. Bring them back to life and sweetness if you can." No, He believes in eternal newness. Do we rant or rant? Johnson hated what he called a "fantasy of felicitation," so does everybody. But if your soul lives in paradise, surely it is not tant to say so. There is a "fantasy of joy" in the music in the belfry of your soul, there can be no rant in saying it. Say it any way. How do we know but the morbid, gloomy lexicographer himself might have heard the joy-bells as clearly as Fletcher, if his faith had been as simple and true. Might not even Foster have doffed his sable robe and donned a summer garb, if his faith had been more child-like. The filling of a heart with Christian joy is a question of nothing but of God's power and truthfulness, and of man's faith and love. If you are not "filled with the fullness of God," your faithless, loveless self is all that stands in the way. Physical health or good digestion is not heaven. Bile or ill health is not hell. There is such a thing as being happy in soul in spite of dyspepsia or constitutional melancholy. We know one man, at least, who was desolate and blue enough until he became intimately acquainted with Jesus Christ. Jesus combed all the blue streaks out of his soul, and wove sun-threads in their place. Some of the old philosophers said that man could not be blessed until after death. Christianity says he can. Many of us are happy without trying to be. We "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." We understand something of what a Kempis meant when he said, "to be without Jesus is an insupportable hell; to be with Jesus is a ravishing heaven." Payson was in this paradise when he wrote, "I might date this letter from the land of Beulah." The revelation men live every day in this paradise. Jesus meant when He said, "The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them." That is glory enough to make a heaven.

III. SOME OF THE SPECIFIC "THINGS" WHICH GOD HATH REVEALED.

A HALF-CENTURY AGO.

BY REV. JOHN E. RISLEY.

I was converted in Middletown, Conn., in the spring of 1820, at the age of eighteen, under the preaching of Rev. John Newland Maffit. I was licensed to exhort in December of the same year, in the city of Charleston, S. C., by Rev. William M. Kennedy, preacher in charge. I was provisionally sent to Warwick circuit, by the Presiding Elder, Rev. Erastus Otis, in December, 1821.

I say provisionally sent. It came about in this way. Brother Maffit was invited to Boston, in September, 1821, and he took me along with him, and I held meetings in different places in the vicinity of Boston, until December. One Sunday, I went to Waltham, intending to hold a meeting, but, being told that there was a quarterly meeting in Needham, I went on to that place, met the Presiding Elder, and stopped over night. The next morning the Presiding Elder started in one direction to hold a meeting, and I in another for Boston. I had not gone far when I discovered that I had part of the Presiding Elder's harness, and he a part of mine. To remedy this mistake I turned back and went to the meeting. After preaching, the Presiding Elder called on me to exhort. The next morning he told me that Brother Dane was alone on Warwick circuit, and in poor health, and he wished me to go and assist him. It was the opening I had been praying and waiting for, and I went gladly.

In June, 1822, I was received, with thirty-six others, into the New England Conference, which then covered the territory now embraced within the six New England Conferences. At the Conference of 1821, there was so great a scarcity of preachers that the Conference appointed a day of fasting and prayer, that God would send more laborers into the harvest field. In answer to prayer thirty-seven joined in 1822. This was a larger number than had ever before, or than has since, united with any annual Conference in any one year.

When oppressed with a sense of my unfitness for the great work, I used to take encouragement from the belief that I was sent of God in answer to the prayers of the Church. In 1823 I was appointed by Bishop Roberts to Milford circuit; Hezekiah Thacher being my colleague. The Sabbath appointments were Milford, Hopkinton and Northbridge, in Mass., and Slatersville, in Rhode Island.

We had week-day preaching places in Smithfield and Burrillville, in R. I., and Mendon, Medway, Grafton, Douglas, Blackstone, Ward, Sutton, Millbury, Paxton, Leicester and Worcester, Mass. In the town of Worcester we had two week-day appointments, one in New Worcester, and the other about three miles north of the village. My colleague or I (I do not recollect which came first) was, I believe, the first Methodist preacher who preached in this ancient town. Some one else, I think Father Pickering, was the first to preach in the village.

It is interesting to look back upon those old years of pioneer work, and see how the good seed of the kingdom was scattered over so wide a field. A single seed developed in one place, two or three in another, and a half-dozen in another; and to see now, fifty-three years later, the abundant harvest which has resulted from the seed sown.

In most of these week-day appointments there were no classes formed—only a single Methodist family, in some cases but a single member, and in two or three places none. The policy then was to go wherever we could find one or more Methodists, or a friend who would open his door for preaching. In those good old days it was much work and little pay, preaching three times on the Sabbath, and once nearly every week day, and sometimes twice.

Fifty years ago the salaries received by Methodist preachers were very meagre, and but a small part was paid in money. Most of it was in farmer's produce; meal, vegetables, butter, etc. In the privations and trials of our pioneer itinerant lives, my excellent wife (still spared to me, thank God!) was far the greater sufferer; an incident or two may serve as specimens.

Soon after commencing house-keeping in two rooms, in the L part of a farm house, two kind sisters brought in a pound of butter. This was all new and strange to my dear wife. She had always been independent, and now to be dependent on others for bread was a sore trial. In her inexperience she was puzzled to know how she was to regard it, whether as a deed of charity for which she was expected to be very thankful, or as the discharge of a debt due the preacher and his family. Pretending to the good sisters that she was looking for a dish in which to put the butter, she indulged for one minute the luxury of tears; then with smiles she returned to thank the sisters for their kindness.

A sister came to my wife and asked her if she would make a vest for one of her boys; a thing she knew no more about than making boots and shoes. But, wanting a little pin money, she said she would try. So ripping up an old one of mine for a pattern, and working night and day she turned out a very creditable garment. The sister asked her price, and she replied that she might pay what she thought was right. The good sister gave her one pound of tallow candles, and thus the fond hope of pin money was dashed to the ground, or melted into tallow candles.

And now to-day look at the glorious results. How many strong Churches, with a numerous membership, can we count up in the territory embraced within the bounds of old Milford circuit, fifty-three years ago? Let us count, to the glory of God! Worcester four or five, which? Grafton two; Leicester, Milbury, Sutton, Upton, Whitinsville, Milford, Hopkinton, Medway, Mendon, Millville, Woonsocket, Cumberland, Pascoog, Douglas and Shrewsbury, one each; twenty-one or twenty-two. Many of them first-class stations.

And now my aged and younger brethren, may we not exultingly exclaim: *What hath God wrought!* To Him be glory evermore, Amen.

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STERLING CAMP-MEETING.

BY REV. W. D. BRIDGE.

Another year will bring us the "silver wedding" of Sterling Camp-meeting, and then will be the time to write up its history of twenty-five years, a history of no inconsiderable value to the Methodism of New England. How many and how great revivals found their birth at Sterling; who, of the thousands there converted, have gone into the ranks of the ministry; what direct spiritual and ecclesiastical results have been secured,—these and many other questions we leave to the historian of Sterling Camp-ground.

The camp-meeting just closed was not least in the long succession of heaven-blessed gatherings. The ministry was fully represented, and did efficient work, evidencing by their zeal and consecrated labors the fact that they believe such institutions are not becoming effete, and about to die.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of the working laity were at hand, seeking not ease, but souls. We have no statistics of conversions, or accurate data to judge of the number professing sanctification; the number is large in either case.

The preaching was full of the glorious, old-fashioned Gospel, and aimed at sound instruction in the deep things of God, as well as at instantaneous decisions for Christ on the part of the unconverted. The ministerial ability of the District was by no means ignored, though five of the services were conducted by brethren from abroad.

Rev. William Taylor, the Methodist

cosmopolitan, gave us two unique and powerful discourses, incorporating such enforcements of truth as his world-encircling, evangelistic labors could abundantly furnish, and conducting in an original manner the altar services. An after-breakfast lecture was very largely attended, and greatly enjoyed. Rev. William Butler, founder of the mission in Mexico, utilized a forenoon service in detailing to attentive listeners the marvelous growth, exigencies, openings and needs of that mission, and received somewhat of aid financial, for the furtherance of his plans.

Bishop Haven, providentially present on Thursday afternoon, held eight thousand auditors attent for ninety minutes, eager to know the grace and mystery of God's paradise, past and future. Rarely has such a feast been spread for mind and heart on old Sterling Camp-ground, as this the Bishop gave us. The following preached in the order named: Revs. F. T. George, William Taylor, William Butler, Chas. T. Johnson, G. S. Chadbourne, Bishop Haven, J. C. Smith, F. G. Morris, A. A. Wright, N. J. Merrill. In the sermons and altar services the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification were heartily preached, professed and held forth as the Christian's privilege.

The W. F. M. Society of Sterling Camp-ground held its annual meeting, transacting various items of important business, and a general meeting for the advancement of the cause was held, especially for the working sisterhood of the district, and Brothers Butler and Taylor, and Mrs. Richards gave excellent addresses. Brief mention only can be made that children's meetings were held daily, resulting, doubtless, in great good.

The arrangements and provisions for boarding the multitudes, were never so satisfactory, and conferred great honor on the Association committee having the matter specially in charge.

For the first time in the history of Sterling Camp-meeting, a tax, or ground-rental, was levied on the cottages and tents this year; but, by votes of the tent delegates and pastors, it was resolved to assess the Association indebtedness of \$2,300 on the societies represented on the ground, and those paying the assessment shall henceforth be free from annual taxes for improvements. The whole subject of the debt, ground rents, improvements, etc., etc., was thoroughly and amicably discussed in the meetings, and the results reached will, it is hoped, meet general satisfaction.

The camp-meeting, under the discreet and large-hearted direction of the Presiding Elder, Dr. Hascall, was an unalloyed success, from beginning to end. To God be all the praise!

OUR ECLECTIC.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heavens bright above me,
And the good that I can do;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that lack resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.
—From Dr. Guthrie's Memoirs.

THE CHARM OF RESERVE.—Do not be too anxious to give away yourself to wear your heart upon your sleeve. It is not only unwise, it is wrong to make your secret soul common property. For you bring the delicate things of the heart into contempt by exposing them to those who cannot understand them. If you throw pearls before swine, they will turn again and rend you. Nor, again, should you claim too much openness, as a duty due to you, from your child, your friend, your wife, or your husband. Much of the charm of life is ruined by exacting demands of confidence. Respect the natural modesty of the soul; its more delicate flowers of feeling close their petals when they are touched too rudely. Wait with curious love—with eager interest—for the time when, all being harmonious, the revelation will come of its own accord, undemanding. The expectation has its charm, for as long as life has something to learn, life is interesting; as long as a friend has something to give, friendship is delightful. Those who wish to destroy all mystery in those they love, to have everything revealed, are unconsciously killing their own happiness. It is much to be with those who have many things to say to us which we cannot bear now. It is much to live with those who sometimes speak to us in parables—if we love them. Love needs some indefiniteness in order to keep its charm. Respect, which saves love from the familiarity which degrades it, is kept vivid when we feel that there is a mystery in those we love which comes of depth of character. Remember that in violating your own reserve, or that of another, you destroy that sensitiveness of character which makes so much of the beauty of character; and beauty of character is not so common as not to make it a cruel thing to spoil it.—Rev. Stopford A. Brooke.

EMERSON AND HIS DAUGHTER.—Into the congressional library walked Emerson, one of the immortals, and smiled his celestial smile, as if two such things as mercury and the thermometer were not. His daughter Ellen was by his side, and as she is the incarnation of common sense, she also was sublimely indifferent to the weather. When this rare spirit (far be the day) passes forever from mortal sight, we shall hear more from this daughter Ellen. For she, in all likelihood, will be the executor of his papers, and the delineator of that deep, still, inward life. It is memorable that the men who have achieved the most in letters and science have always had a woman standing

Our Book Table.

We know of no other instance, with the exception of Pittsfield, Mass., where a town, in its corporate capacity, has ordered the writing of a history, and assumed the control and expense of the undertaking. But this beautiful Berkshire town among the green hills has set a fine precedent, and the work has been so well executed, and embodies so much of permanent interest and value, that we do not think the most commendable example will be often followed. A municipality, in such a work, has great advantage over an individual. It has the pecuniary and literary resources at command, and can secure the most efficient co-operation in the undertaking on the part of the citizens than any private party. Pittsfield has therefore accomplished for itself an excellent service in this full history, the second volume of which is just issued from the press of C. W. Bryan & Co., Springfield. A previous volume embodies its record from its first settlement to the year 1800.

The work now published gives the history of its progress during the present century, and forms a very handsome octavo of 725 pages. It is prepared under the direction of a town committee, of which Hon. Thomas Colt is chairman, by J. E. A. Smith. The volume is fully illustrated with the portraits of noted citizens, and with pictures of scenery, fine residences, and a descriptive map. The frontispiece is the readily-recognized, sturdy, sunny face of the late highly-respected Governor Briggs, with a familiar black cravat without a collar. Although largely a local history, the citizens of this vigorous town were so many of them called into conspicuous notice in public affairs, its voice was so pronounced upon all the important questions of the day, and the story is told in such excellent and attractive style, that the volume has well-nigh the interest of a general history. The citizens of Pittsfield are to be congratulated in thus securing the permanent preservation of their annals, and of valuable facts and incidents that would have soon been beyond the possible power of the historian to recover. There are many other cities and towns in the State whose noble and patriotic records should be thus carefully gathered up and embodied in some permanent form.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY for September opens with an interesting discussion of "Voice in Men and Animals," the second paper upon the subject. Sir, George Mivart has an instructive and curious paper upon Bats, I. C. Russell upon the Formation of Lakes, E. Sauvage upon Amphibious Fishes, Louis Simonin a suggestive article upon Industrial Applications of Solar Light, Major Holland a short paper upon Myrmecology, Prof. Rucker a delightful black-board lecture upon Soap Bubbles, and Prof. Adler a paper of interesting Biblical criticism upon "The Evolutions of Hebrew Religion." The frontispiece of this number is a fine portrait of Prof. William B. Rogers, and there is an appreciative sketch of him by the editor. Literary notices and miscellany are full and fresh as usual.

Ellen Shute provided for the Temperance Sunday an appropriate Concert Exercise by E. C. Silsby, with a tract containing addresses by John B. Gough and Dwight L. Moody, and with a beautifully ornamented pledge upon a card.

Prof. J. Morgan Hart, now of the University of Cincinnati, has just completed another volume of his series of German Classics. The name of the new volume is GOETHE'S SELECT PROSE.

John Church & Co., of Cincinnati, have published a new quarto book of solos, duets, choruses, etc., under the title of THE SONG HERALD, by H. B. Underhill. It is specially prepared for the use of conventions and singing schools. An interesting feature of the volume is the Religious Songs of the Freedmen, which the editor gathered up during a visit to the Southern States.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., and distributed in Boston from the house of A. Williams & Co., School street, has an interesting paper upon the Growth of the German Power, a review of Hayden's Correspondence and Table Talk, an appreciative criticism of Bancroft's History of England, and of Comte de Paris' Campaign upon the Potomac. There is an interesting paper upon Michael Angelo, a favorable estimate of Swinburne's Erechtheus, and an instructive article upon the native governments of India. The eighth article is a fine presentation of the national politics of Gortschakoff and Bismarck. An epitome is given of Moreby's New Guinea and Polynesia, and of Sir Denis Le Marchant's Memoir of Lord Althorp. All these papers are of present interest, and are full of suggestion and instruction.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.—The foundations of a new building, 150 by 40 feet, are already laid. It is to be built of brick, one story high, and devoted to the departments of Chemistry and Mechanics. The funds have thus far been contributed by the Women's Educational Association and the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association.

The 6000 feet of floor space will be divided as follows:—Advanced Chemical Laboratory for Women, 1000 feet; Microscopic and Spectroscopic Laboratory for Women, 500 feet; Industrial and Organic Chemical Laboratory for the use of the Chemical Department, 500 feet each. The remaining 3000 feet will be devoted to a series of shops for class teaching in the use of tools and foundry work. These shops will be furnished with benches and tools as fast as the plans can be carefully matured, and will be used by the students of the department of Mechanical Engineering, and by the students in the department of Practical Mechanism, which has lately been established, and will open with the new year. This building will be completed about the middle of September.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1876.

The camp-meetings connected with watering places attract the most attention, have the most popular preaching, and are visited by the most notable persons; but they do not accomplish the highest services for the Church, or enjoy any richer or more profitable pulpit instruction, or even gather, taking the work through, larger audiences, than some of the unheralded and unreported services in country groves. Such a delightful place every where we found the camp-ground at Claremont Junction, N. H. It is in the midst of the charming scenery of the Connecticut valley, just above Belknap Falls, on the Vermont Central and Concord and Claremont roads. Here the Springfield District of Vermont and the Claremont District of New Hampshire have united in establishing an annual meeting. Elders Cilley and Beaman heartily and harmoniously labor, alternately, in the management and leading labors of the occasion. The grounds were laid out with peculiar taste and convenience by Rev. Brother Wallingford, formerly a member of the New England Conference, but now superannuated and a resident in Springfield, Vt. They are spacious, admirably shaded, with a finely-seated auditorium capable of accommodating five thousand persons. Thirty-four societies have either permanent houses or temporary tents upon the grounds, some of the former large and very convenient. There are quite a number of private tents and cottages. The boarding-house is the finest we have seen. It is three stories high with its French roof, and above its large, commodious dining-room and kitchen it has thirty-two very comfortable separate chambers with neat furniture.

In addition to the large, permanent company boarding upon the grounds, great crowds come daily, so that immense audiences attend upon the services. The public meetings were as quiet, as attentive and as orderly, as worshippers on the Sabbath in the house of God. The preaching, which was largely by the ministers of the two districts, was earnest, impressive and tender. These ministers have not lost the art of exhortation. We have rarely heard more effective than on this ground. Our young brother Dorchester, son of Dr. Daniel of our Conference, who is stationed in Springfield, Vt., where he is very popular, preached a strong, eloquent and excellent sermon. He has a noble voice, and a fine delivery; if a breath of the Holy Spirit would only blow away his manuscripts when he goes into the pulpit, the Church would find one of her noblest sons in him. The tent meetings were delightful and powerful, and the scores that bowed in prayer for forgiveness of sins, and a deeper baptism from on high, measured in some degree the power and effectiveness of the meeting. Two more excellent and faithful leaders of districts the Church has not among her hosts in New England, than the two men that preside in turn at this meeting. They are greatly rejoicing, and with reason, at the promise of a rich spiritual work, the coming season, throughout the charges, resulting from this blessed feast of tabernacles. Several of the venerable ministers, whose days of active service are past, like Rev. Brother Quimby, were present, shedding the rich savor of a mature and sweet piety, and offering their prayers and the inspiration of their personal experiences. We shall long remember our visit, our kindly reception and care, on this beautiful camp-ground.

The *Congregationalist* has an editorial in the best of temper, and in the kindest words, upon the crowded Sabbath excursions which visited Martha's Vineyard on the Sabbath of the camp-meeting. It does not attempt to settle the question as to who is at fault, but esteems it to be improbable that the amount of good accomplished on that occasion offers any compensation for the evil which is "patent on every side." Now, when our brethren put themselves in the position of the Methodist Christians, and other Christian denominations fully equal to them in number, who have summer homes in Martha's Vineyard, and say exactly what ought to be done in the premises. Forty years ago the Methodists went thither to pass a week entirely away from the bustle and business of the world. In those simple days they could and did largely control the Sunday travel, except upon the land, and this was small and only in the private teams of the island. They finally built up, some dozen years since, cheap little cottages.

The idea became an inspiration. Families that could not afford an expensive summer trip, and if they could, shrunk from the worldliness and vanity of Newport, or the large seaside boarding-houses, drew around this camp-meeting nucleus. There, in a few years after, the world came, in a modified form at first, following the traditions of the place. The excellent, pious people were much disturbed by this. They fenced in their grounds, but they could not afford to buy the whole island. They secured the most efficient police, and established the best possible regulations to preserve the religious benefits which they sought in this forest sanctuary; but they could not give law to Oak Bluffs or prevent passages upon the high seas. They were provisionally there. These immense multitudes whose coming they did not seek, neither could they prevent, poured in upon them. It destroyed in a measure the object first sought. Hundreds who were accustomed to visit the island now seek other and quieter resorts; but could Christian men and ministers deliberately withdraw themselves from the work of doing everything in their power to religiously impress the hosts that through this summer city? In this remarkable instance the world came to the Church, and she certainly could not turn her back upon it. Now, referring only to this instance mentioned by the *Congregationalist*, what can the Methodists or the other Christians do to prevent or limit this Sabbath breaking on the island? It is not one Sabbath, but it is during the season, that these steamboats and railroads run. Now, what shall we do on the Vineyard? We could readily answer the question if it were simply a meeting for a week, established in a position to encourage Sabbath travel, and breaking, by the occasion which it alone offered, the quiet and sanctity of a holy day in a Sabbath-keeping community. We should in such a case say, without hesitation, shut up on the Sabbath. Have no meeting on the Lord's day. But when a summer city has been built, and providentially there is a large tabernacle in it, it would seem the extreme of folly to give up worship within its sacred precincts.

The *Churchman*, giving too broad an interpretation to a thoughtful but not well guarded editorial of *The Methodist*, in which it (*The Churchman*) affirms that *The Methodist* admits that the denomination whose name it bears, can no longer control the personal habits and usages of its members, and that, therefore, all salutary laws are useless and unwise, because impracticable, asserts, upon this presumption, with astonishing gravity and judicial dignity, "what the *Methodist* *raison d'être* is, it would be hard to tell."

It declares with an effrontery almost sublime, that, outside of the simple rules of life relating to dress, to daily habits and religious observances, there is nothing in Methodism but its ecclesiastical organization, and that as its spirit has evaporated from there is nothing but "a residuum of sectarianism left." Outside of a few cities, while the Methodist people wear no distinguishing costume like the Quakers, and did not even in its earlier days, that same simplicity of life and habit that Mr. Wesley enjoined, and, to a great degree, that same attention to the eminently spiritual means of grace, is to be found. When the spirit leaves bodies or modes they die. It is certainly singular that a spiritless form should exhibit such amazing vigor, and continue to show a growth in divine as well as material things as to call forth continued gratitude to God. Are more souls confirmed in proportion to the statistics in the small Protestant Episcopal Church, than the number that give the best evidence of the new birth and are received into the fellowship of the Methodist Church? What reason for existence has the former Church in America? In Great Britain it was a member of the State. But it is not here an American Church; it is simply a small sect. The true representative and heir of all that is spiritual in the English Church really is the Methodist branch of it, and in the language of *The Churchman* we might with propriety say, it would be hard to tell what is its *raison d'être*, save to establish a sect in consonance with the aesthetic tastes and traditional prejudices of the small communities gathered under its name.

All that heard the memorable sermon of Bishop Foster at Martha's Vineyard on Sunday morning, August 27, bear emphatic testimony to its clearness, its scripturalness, thoughtfulness and remarkably moving power. A very cultivated Baptist gentleman, principal of an academy in Vermont, said his emotions were never so stirred before. He wept involuntarily and so profusely that he felt almost ashamed to have his neighbors notice him! The Bishop's text was Acts x. 43: "To Him give all the prophets witness." The theme was Christ the fulfillment of prophecy. It was eminently a logical discourse, clearly reasoned, sometimes metaphysical, but always pervaded with a divine suggestion, stirring the great audience to the very depths of their emotions at the rising climaxes of its powerful arguments. The grand sermons of Bishop Willey, of Bishop Haven, and of Bishop Simpson, still linger among the fragrant traditions of the Vineyard Grove; and those that heard the new New England Bishop will feel grateful to God that the devout and eloquent succession remains unbroken.

At the public love-feast on the camp-ground at Claremont this feature peculiarly impressed us. There were unmistakable evidences of even remarkable emotional exercises. Some of the faces of the women and men that bore their testimony fairly glowed with a spiritual light, and their voices trembled with emotion; but there were scarcely any vociferous expressions. There were few attempts at poor, and always to be deplored, religious wit. Not a few read from their evidently loved and often perused Bibles singularly appropriate passages of Scripture. Many intimated that

they were wonderfully happy; but they esteemed this of small moment compared with the unquenchable desire they had to be made useful in the Master's vineyard. Usefulness, not happiness, they sought. There was a signal unanimity of desire, among the most deeply impressed in the company, to be sent out under a powerful dispensation of the Holy Spirit to win men and women to the Lord Jesus. Such earnestness of conversation, accompanied by so manifest a baptism from on high, is an infallible prophecy of revivals in the Churches thus represented.

What a pleasant and inspiring sight it was last Monday to look upon the happy troops of cleanly-dressed girls and boys with hearty and beautiful faces, filling the streets in the morning with their lively presence and clatter of feet and voices! Three hundred thousand went cheerfully to their excellent schools, after a long vacation. After nine o'clock in the morning not a chirping child's voice was to be heard in the streets of our beautiful villages, but what a busy scene was presented in the tens of thousands of scholars! The public school is still the glory of the land, certainly of these Northern States. Their moral influence, through the presence of the admirable men and women who teach them, and the power of a high and spotless character, is eminently wholesome; and throughout our State thus far the sanction of the Bible and of our Lord's prayer gives weight to the force of Christian character and ethical instruction on the part of teachers. Let us stand by these schools, giving them our countenance, sympathy and support.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

We do not refer to the political campaign. We need not expend any time or effort to arouse our readers to an appreciation of the importance of the political issues at stake, or to urge them to use all their personal influence to give a right direction to public sentiment. The canvass has already become so active and heated that few can escape the fervor of it. We might, perhaps, properly plead for moderation, for Christian courtesy, and against the danger of sacrificing other vital interests during the exciting months just before us. We confess, ourselves, to feeling an unwelcome anxiety as to the result, and find it very difficult to submit, in anticipation, to a possible disappointment in the general election, or to see how the manifest ends of a wise and merciful Providence can be secured save in the establishment, by the suffrages of the people, of one well-defined line of national policy. But, as Aunt Chloe sagely says, "Providence sometimes suffers dreadful things to happen," for the accomplishment of divine designs. We do not believe, however, that God will be unseated from His throne, or that the rights of man will be permanently destroyed, or the progress of the world seriously hindered, whatever may prove to be the result of the next national election.

Neither do we now refer to the reform campaign. We certainly do not underestimate the character of the great struggle with appetite, selfishness and cupidity which has been going on for half a century, nor the perils that still threaten the State and its citizens. We heartily aid to the utmost of our ability every honest effort put forth for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. We rejoice in the great protracted temperance meetings which have been held of late in the groves. We welcome the mighty reinforcement which woman is now bringing to this reform, and we are filled with hope by the successful endeavors of an army of rescued men to save themselves, with God's blessing, and also their tempted brothers. We earnestly exhort all ministers of our Church, and all our people, to proffer all possible assistance to this vital movement, to guard and pledge the young, to purify and strengthen public sentiment, to work personally in the great field, and to vote as they pray.

But the campaign of which we now speak is one that includes all other reforms, and all honest efforts for human elevation and advancement. There is no human progress at the expense of the Church of Christ. There is no assurance of the ultimate triumph of righteousness and the coronation of a redeemed humanity outside of the prophecy which assures us of the final universal kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. We never gain any advantage, in any good cause, by neglecting the interests of the Church. A lively, devout, holy Christian people, if properly instructed, will be most likely to vote right, and be most ready to enter upon practical work in any field of reform. We are well convinced that the permanence of the present movement among reformed men will largely depend upon their being brought and kept under the influence of a religious revival, as all know that the chief inspiration thus far of the movement has been a religious one.

All our moral and spiritual interests need a great lifting up, through a fresh infusion of heavenly ideas. It has been a period of remarkable drought in the natural world. The trees, indeed, preserve their form and faint tints of their accustomed verdure; the grass is not yet burned over; there are refreshing evening and morning dews; the flowers are not wilted, and have not lost all their fragrance; but the deep, rich coloring is lost; the prolific growth is not witnessed; everything droops, and it is a painfully dry and dusty period. What is needed is not a summer rain, nor even a soaking thunder shower, but a long, drenching, flooding rain, repeating itself at short intervals. This, too, is just what the Church now needs. It has almost everywhere a dry and parched look. Its decent forms, indeed, are preserved;

it has some delightful dews, falling upon it from heaven. In some places there have been loud and powerful thunder gusts, with the sound of much rain; but, what is wanted, is a great, sweeping, general turning to God, from worldliness, under a mighty and protracted baptism from on high.

God works by means; so we may not improperly call our contribution to the results we so much hope and desire, a fall campaign. It is an excellent hour to marshal all our hosts. Despite the bustle and excitement around us, the higher and holier work can go vigorously on. The period of rest and recreation is over. The great meetings have brought heaven a little nearer to earth. A spiritual appetite has been created, and not a few have offered themselves, in fervent consecration, to the work of God. The ministers cannot feel at rest in permitting other engagements, the solicitations of evenings of pleasure, the lecture or the concert, to have the precedence over this most pressing interest of the hour. Let everything be subordinated to this one concern. For once, if necessary, order the Lord that which costs some sacrifice, and seek with undivided earnestness the prosperity of Christ's kingdom and the salvation of men.

We cannot believe the virtue of the old truths, or even of the old modes, is exhausted. At any rate it is revealed to try them until better are revealed. Bethel is the place where God discloses Himself, and when we pass over Pennell, the sun shines upon us. An old-fashioned Church fast—a real one—and a protracted season of prayer, even without any foreign element, might be attempted, we think, with good hope of much profit. It would be well, at least, to test the divine promise to open the windows of heaven, by bringing all the tithes into the store-house.

THEORY OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

That is a striking little narrative, recorded in the military life of David, after his victory over the Amalekites (1 Sam. xxx. 24, 25)—little in the brevity of its record, but big in the significance of its lesson; for it involves a principle of large application to the Christian life. The victorious troops were unwilling that their brethren, who had not been in the battle, but had guarded the common "stuff" at a distance, should share in the spoils. David promptly rebuked them, and established forever a magnanimous rule for such cases: "Who will hearken unto you," he said, "in this matter? But as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall part alike. And it was so, from that day forward, that he made it a statute for Israel unto this day."

Milton says that even those who "stand and wait," do "also serve." There are circumstances when it is *endure*, in an exemplary way, may be the most effective service; and many a patient, loving sufferer has preached the highest truths of Christianity, louder than any pulpit, by exemplifying its highest virtues. Many a martyr has done more execution for the truth in a single, heroic, dying hour, than he could have done in the largest life of religious activity.

The true, Scriptural theory of Christian life, is, doubtless, the entire consecration of *all ordinary* life to the kingdom of God in the world. As we sometimes saw, Augustine's idea of the city of God is the right one; not, indeed, as the pontifical state of Rome interpreted and applied it, instituting a theory which was but an ecclesiastical despotism—a State ruled by priests, and dominating over the consciences and temporalities of men; maintaining its diplomacy in foreign courts, and arraying its troops in fields of battle. Assuredly the Gospel never suggests such a theory of Christian life. But it does teach a kingdom—a reign of Christ over His own consecrated subjects; a spiritual society, a divine commonwealth, amidst the dominions of earth, into which every regenerated soul is incorporated, in which he becomes a citizen. "Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

Without stopping, now, to discuss the doctrine of Luther, Calvin, and the other reformers, on what they called "the priesthood of the people," and the purity of all saints in the kingdom of God on earth, we state but a *prima facie* truth of Scripture in saying that the consecration of secular life to the ends of the spiritual society, to the rule of Christ on earth, is the fundamental idea of that society. A man in becoming a Christian, comes out from the world; though he must still remain upon it, he is no longer of it. He has discovered and entered a blessed spiritual world upon this fallen planet; a kingdom whose sovereign is the "King invisible, immortal," and henceforth his supreme allegiance is to Him. And now, whether he be called to preach, or to teach, or to follow the plough, or strike the anvil; to go forth, like the victors of David, into the battle-fields of the moral world, or guard the "stuff" at home, he is wholly the Lord's; all his time, all his gifts, all his being belong to the Lord, his Sovereign. Consecration, and entire consecration, we repeat, is the characteristic of his new citizenship. In proportion as he fails in this he comes short of the evangelical theory of life. Is his gift a talent for money making? It should be as thoroughly consecrated to the interests of the kingdom of God as his pastor's gift of speech is, as the life of the missionary in the ends of the earth. He is not his own; he has been purchased with a price. The principle of his

amenability—that upon which he will be judged in the last day—is identical with that upon which his pastor will then stand or fall.

If this is so, how greatly has Christian secular life fallen away from the Biblical standard! A Christian man must provide for his own family—this is a Biblical command; but so, also, should a pastor, a missionary. Aside from this, the life of each should be devoted to the common interests of their common cause. Of course, in the details of method, of regulation, etc., a Christian, secular life must vary from a purely ministerial, or missionary one; but we insist upon this fact of their identical consecration, and their identical amenability. And we insist that thus the primitive Church understood the theory of evangelical life, and it was thus that it "turned the world upside down," and subdued the heathenism of the Roman empire.

It is only in this manner that they who guard the "stuff" can be entitled to share the final spoils, the eternal rewards. A merchant, or mechanic, pursuing his secular toil, in order, after supporting his family, to promote the kingdom of God on earth, by the consecration of his gains, may thus be represented in the person of a missionary in the heart of India or China. He is virtually in the battle, though he is taking care of the "stuff" at home. He will rightfully fall into the mighty column of victors, which, at last, shall gather from the east and the west, the north and the south, and march, with their trophies, through the gates into the city, amidst the acclamations of angels.

Such a consecration of our poor, ordinary life is indeed enviable! It would no longer be "poor," or "ordinary," no longer less sordid and selfish; it would become holy and sublime. The humble sphere of daily work would become a sanctuary of priestly service. Secular life would become sacerdotal; nay, better, it would become evangelical. Men would thus become "co-workers together with God;" and what conception of life could be higher than that?

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

Perhaps the readers of *ZION'S HERALD* are interested in Germany, and German universities. In the religion of Germany I am sure they are interested; otherwise, they would not send missionaries here. And, first, Germany expected to find it. Some friends told me, on my leaving Cambridge, that it was a most miserable country to live in, while others called it a delightful place. A good deal depends, of course, on the mood and the object of the traveler.

My first feeling was one of disappointment and regret. Almost every word was unintelligible to me; the houses with their brick-red roofs, seemed forbidding; the climate, in the neighborhood of Hamburg, was very damp and cold, and the soil, so far as I could judge, extremely poor. True, Hamburg itself, with its extensive shipping and its canals, was somewhat imposing, and to a man bent on business or pleasure, or even to myself in another mood, it would have been really attractive. But I had chemistry and physics on the brain, and it certainly seemed a mistake to leave Cambridge and Harvard in the hope of finding superior educational advantages in Germany. People who charge a foreigner duty on half a bottle of pickles, who were contented to live under such unsightly roofs, and to travel on express trains only a little faster than the old stage-coach, could not, I thought, excel in chemistry and physics. However, there was no help for it now; so we pushed on to Göttingen.

At Hamburg we left the people (apparently all of them) drinking beer; at Hanover we stepped out on the platform, and the whole city seemed to be drinking beer at the station; and when we reached Göttingen, the very first sight that greeted our eyes, was that of an immense crowd of men, women and children, every one of whom seemed to have nothing to do but to sip from the omnipresent "schoppen." Most of them, it is true, were apparently sober, industrious, and happy people; but it is equally true, that most of them were bloated, and had indelibly stamped on the features a look which reminded one more of beer than of brains. And they are not all sober, industrious and happy people; drunkenness is by no means uncommon here in Göttingen. I asked a German student if he knew of any suffering and misery *actually caused by drunkenness*. He laughed and said, "yes, much." I have myself seen a German student so drunk that he could neither stand nor sit, so, of course, he lay on the ground, and that, too, in broad daylight, in the presence of almost all Göttingen. I mention these facts, because it has been frequently asserted that in Germany the liquor traffic, if not a blessing, is, at least, no great evil.

But Germany is also better than I expected to find it. The scenery around Göttingen, though not grand, is very pretty. The soil is productive, and, consequently, living is cheap. Entirely round the old town runs a wall of earth, built several centuries ago as a military defense, and now lined on each side with shady lime-trees. This is the common walk or *spaziergang*, and just now, in June, when the old lime-trees are in all their glory, it is perfectly charming.

The garden concerts may be summed up in two words, beer and music. The music is excellent; and so is the beer, if one may judge from the quantity consumed every night, viz., a wagon load. Sunday night is no ex-

ception; on the contrary, the Sunday night concert is always the largest and most profitable one of the week.

A much more pleasant and innocent feature of German life is that of frequent family excursions into the country, or to a neighboring village or garden. Food sufficient for the day is taken from home, and consists usually of "black bread," (made of rye meal), smoked sausage made of pork and not cooked, butter and cheese—not American cheese, but a certain indescribable mixture which, up to the present time, I have not had the moral courage to attack. The Germans go to a picnic to enjoy themselves, not to exhibit their fine pastry, and come home sick. It must not, however, be supposed that the German food is unpalatable and nasty. In nothing was I more agreeably surprised than in the matter of food. To be sure, vinegar is a little too common, and the cheese must be kept out of sight; but in every other respect the food of Germany will compare very favorably indeed with that of either America or England. Indeed, for the same money, one fares much better in Germany than in either of the above-named countries.

Again, one must not judge of a German house from its exterior. The roof looks bad, and the exterior generally is shabby; but the interior is very homelike and inviting. One sees at a glance that the house is made for man, not man for the house. Everything seems to be done solely for the convenience and comfort of the inmates, and not for the gratification of the passer-by. Even the beds, so formidable to an American, are much better than they look. The linen, however, might be washed oftener than once a month. Carpets would improve the houses very much, but as they are not found even in the houses of the professors, a student should not complain.

Each house is provided with a sewer, which runs above ground, however, and issues into the street, for the most part, just under the front door. Sometimes unpleasant odors arise, but do not last long, since the sewers on each side of the street are kept constantly full of running water. Two or three times every week, during the warm weather, a man goes through the city, ringing a bell and calling on the people to clean the streets. Then out come men, women and children, with brooms, as if they meant work; and for the next hour they do work in earnest. Of course, an American laughs; but the Germans think it is because he has no appreciation of cleanliness.

In Göttingen carriages are very rarely seen. Instead of the American, stylish equipage, one sees, for the most part, small hand-wagons drawn by a man on one side and a dog on the other. Very often, too, may be seen a large lumber wagon drawn by two (or four) cows, the teamster sitting on the front axle-tree and his *frau* (wife) on the hind one. They sit with their backs turned toward each other, as if they had just had a fierce quarrel. Of course, in the larger cities there is more parade, and in Göttingen for that matter there is no lack of style and stylish people, though even the style itself is somewhat primitive.

In Germany the women till the ground. It would not be difficult to stand on somewhat elevated ground and count the peasant women by the hundred. They are as busy as bees. But where are the men? Busy, too, some on the railway, and others in the various manufactures. Let war come when it will, Germany is ready; all her men are soldiers, and her women can supply an army with bread.

Everybody has implicit confidence in the rulers at Berlin. Not a cent of money is misappropriated; the largest military establishment in the world is managed without a trace of corruption. The following incident ought to be well pondered by Americans in this Centennial year. In the Summer of 1873 about thirty thousand troops met in and about Hanover for drill. Their board and lodging was engaged and paid for by government officials; but the accommodations not being thought sufficient, private arrangements were frequently made, by which the soldiers supplied themselves with many extras. A provision dealer was engaged to accompany one hundred and fifty men to a small village, the bargain being that he should have his board and lodging free, besides the profits on what he sold. The soldiers paid every day out of their own pockets for his board and lodging; but one evening, a soldier, (who is now a student in Göttingen) and told me the story) forgot to pay a half groschen (a little over one cent), and so it was charged to the government, and paid by the officials in Hanover. The discrepancy, however, was detected in Berlin, and an explanation required. My friend, the student, immediately sent the half groschen to the village, and wrote to Hanover, saying that he had forgotten to pay, but that the matter was all right now. In the course of the next summer he received a long communication from Berlin, charging that the payment of the half groschen by a private person, only made the matter worse. A full and complete explanation was required from the officers of the regiment.

In another letter I may have something to say of the University.

J. W. RAVELL.

This is just the season to make the visit to the Exposition in Philadelphia. It is the golden and glorious period of an American year. There is no better or more varied and beautiful route than by the Old Colony line to New York. Excursion tickets, on this route, to Philadelphia and back, can be obtained for only eleven dollars. Read, cut out, and preserve for reference, the advertisement on another page.

Editorial Items.

Our Southern brethren do not all join in the doxologies that swell from the happy hearts of many Northern and some Southern Methodists. In response to a mistaken item, in reference to a union of Churches, in a secular paper of Richmond, Va., Rev. S. A. Steel, one of the leading pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of that city, writes a long and quite bitter correction of the error, in which he makes some extraordinary and not very encouraging statements. Of course, he only speaks for himself, but doubtless his words find an echo in many other breasts.

He mentions some five or six reasons, showing the inexpediency and even impossibility of an organic reunion of the two Churches. Some of these are eminently sensible and worthy of general consideration; as, for instance, the unlikelihood of such a great Church, rendering it quite impossible to secure an adequate representative body for its efficient government. Even now, its separate General Conferences are a burden to Christian courtesy during the month of their sessions. He goes on to show that the two Churches differ widely in their fundamental law. But what surprises us is his second reason.

"While a question of law divided us, the occasion of its application, as is well known, was that of slavery. Has that occasion ceased? Has its original difficulty grown less? If we could not live in peace with the Northern Church when the law and the administration of southern State governments protected us in our social rights and relations, can we do it now, when we have no showing before the law and no appeal to civil authorities? And when the Northern Church, with its slave states ready for the negro and so-called philanthropy, feels its power and has shown itself eager to exorcise it? Is not the problem of the negro, in his relation to American society, more complicated than ever? Isn't the danger of hopeless disagreement concerning the negro greater than ever? How then, has the occasion of the division of the Church, as some say, been removed? No, sir, there is more occasion than ever for the separate existence of the two branches of American Methodism. And this occasion will last forever into the future than I pretend to see."

He then goes on to say that the political record of the Northern Church renders closer affiliation impossible—not the past but the present!

"The status of the present divides us, as wide as the poles. The Northern Methodist Church is identified with Republican supremacy. Republican supremacy means corruption, crime, and the destruction of the liberties of the people and the establishment of a centralized government. I do not believe that our people are ready for this. Think of Dr. Ives before the Virginia Conference advocating his blood-and-thunder policy toward the people, or Bishop Haven presiding, and sending a negro preacher to Broad Street and Centenary, and Dr. Edwards and myself, perhaps, left without an appointment!"

Rev. Mr. Steel affirms that the two peoples are absolutely divided in ideas, institutions and principles; and even more so now than ever before. Still the brother goes for fraternity, only as Abraham proposed it to Lot, when he said, "we be too large," you go to the right and we will go to the left. It is something, at least, to have the formal line of separation broken down, so that both Churches, without breach of courtesy, can go where they please.

Some of our New York exchanges give the details of a remarkable case of Church discipline for the act of slander, in the Fort Greene Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. If such a course were actively followed up in some other Churches, we fear there would be a sifting among the saints. It appears that two young people, members of the same church, had engaged to each other, and the fact of this alliance was generally known. Two or three months since, however, an estrangement became evident; the young man openly avoiding the society of the lady. Upon being questioned, he rather mysteriously shook his head, and intimated that he had discovered that the young lady did not bear a good character. His mother, Mrs. Hobby, however, who has been esteemed an estimable member of the Church, declared, without qualification, that the young lady was unchaste. Very properly the mother of the lady preferred charges before the Church session against Mrs. Hobby, as the son was not a communicant. The charges of slander and false accusation were thoroughly and prayerfully examined, the son and mother giving some extraordinary testimony. The session unanimously disapproved the accusations of mother and son, and declared the statements in reference to the young lady's character to be false and defamatory. They ordered their finding to be read from the pulpit on the succeeding Sabbath. They also required Mrs. Hobby to openly retract and repent, upon the peril of public excommunication. She refused to do this, after preaching a very impressive sermon upon slander, declaring the conviction of the committee and his own in the purity of the young lady, the venerable minister, a well-known blind clergyman, announced, amid the painful silence and suspense of the congregation, the solemn excommunication of Mrs. Eliza Hobby from the fellowship of the Church, following it with a remarkably touching prayer. It is the only ecclesiastical act of the kind of which we recollect of hearing; but not the only occasion of such a severe but deserved case of Church discipline, which we have known.

We have read with much interest and profit the *International Review* for September and October. Its themes are all fresh and practical. Thomas Brassey, M. P., son of the great railroad builder, has a carefully prepared paper upon the English labor question, containing very valuable statistics and letters from intelligent workmen and their advocates. The reasons of it are equally valuable on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Cornwallis gives an intelligent and instructive account of the New York Clearing House; Alex. Delmar an exhaustive statement, with comments, of the resources of Bavaria. Signor Pozzani gives a very clear and vivid recital of the progress of events in Italy for the last quarter of a century, showing how she became a nation again. A Wisconsin paper calmly but earnestly defends the late popular movements in that State affecting railroads. An interesting editorial sketch of the late Sultan Abdul-Aziz prefaces an intimation of the probable future of Turkey. Edward Freeman, D. C. L., has a critical review of Lord Macaulay's life. The notices of contemporary literature are well-written and critical. That admirable writer as well as artist, P. G. Hamerton, has a characteristic letter to Americans upon art in Europe, and a bi-monthly résumé of scientific progress closes the fine programme of the present issue. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

The *Churchman* has an excellent editorial note upon the growing abuse of flowers at public and private funerals. All the solemnities and moral significance of the occasion are lost in this profuse and tasteless floral symbolism. Says the editor:—"A few days ago, we were at the funeral of a dissolute creature, who, after fifty years' soaking in the wine-cask, had at last soaked away. The channel was a floral cauldron; the coffin hidden under floral ad-

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.

Sunday, September 17.
Lesson XII. Eccles. xii, 1-14.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

A GODLY LIFE.

All real human goodness has in it a likeness to God. It comes down from Him, and then from the soul that receives it springs upward towards Him. Religion exalts. Christ came to lift men heavenward. The Cross raised Christ from the dead, and raised us to His glorious triumph; it raises all who believe in its power to save, into the likeness of His victories and glory and image. It is the work of the Church in this age to bring childhood to Christ. Never before has so much been possible in adapting religion to the youth and children. Religion must be presented to the young not only as desirable for the present, but as the best possible preparation for the future. Childhood is sunny and warm, full of health. Feelings are fresh and sweet. Vitality abounds, and Christ's religion has affinities for all that is healthy and vital. The Church is called upon to nourish her most sacred truths in the hearts of her children. Her religion and Christ's is for them. The chances are against the one who matures into a ripe old age without the faith-faculty developed. The process of his conversion, if he comes to that, will be more difficult. The type of religious life which he may perchance develop will not be the most complete. When old age comes to the one who from childhood has lived the life of a Christian, it comes like the autumnal richness-crowning the laborious spring and summer. The fruit-bearing tree needs all the seasons. The completed character is only attained by the discipline of each period of human life. The hopes of youth and the memories of age are equally holy when the growth has been "in grace," and towards that fruition of character symbolized by, "the full corn in the ear."

Remember now thy Creator, etc. Be mindful of God in early life. Youth is apt to be the season of fickleness. Let your thoughts be often fastened upon God. Act so as to please God. Do not be unnaturally sober and gloomy. Enjoy the life of your early years; but let all pleasure be wholesome and sweet.

The problem of amusements often seems a difficult one to young Christians. The first question to answer, where there is a doubt, is—Can I ask God to bless me in this pleasure? Shall I be ashamed to have God's eye upon me as I engage in it? And another question that ought never to be left unanswered is—Will any person be likely to find amusement in a temptation to sin? Shall my fun be the pit-fall for some one's ruin? Let conscience decide upon these questions, and the pleasure which is sanctioned by this tribunal will be safe.

While the evil days come not, etc. The preacher does not denounce old age as always evil. He has in mind a life that has been blighted and worn out by worldliness and sin. When the youthful days are spent in prodigality, the days of age will surely be "evil;" the years of decrepitude drag heavily; there is "no pleasure in them;" pains and feebleness have thrown a gloom over the life of the body. The nerves, by which pleasure once came, are dulled and paralyzed.

Sun . . . light . . . stars be not darkened. This verse indicates the gloom that gathers over the hoary-headed sinner. There is just as much light as ever in God's bright world, but it is as dim and unperceived to him whose senses have lost their quickness, as though the sky itself were veiled in black. The common Hebrew symbol for a great calamity is the darkening of the great lights of the firmament. See Ezek. xxxii, 7, 8; Isa. xlii, 10; Joel ii, 31 and iii, 15; Amos viii, 9; Rev. vi, 12, 13; Matt. xxiv, 29.

Nor the clouds return after the rain. No cessation of disasters; life is like the rainy season of Palestine when one storm follows another, with no bright days between.

Keepers of the house. The three following verses are commonly supposed to describe the different members and faculties of the body which show signs of age. The "keepers" are the arms of the old man, which tremble with feebleness.

Strong men, etc. The legs grow unsteady and crooked; the supporters of the body fall, and the old man carries his staff.

Grinders cease. Teeth are lost and strong food cannot be masticated; only a few of the molars remain and these cannot do the work.

Those that look out of the windows be darkened. The eyes, which are often called the "windows of the soul," are dim. A film gathers over the organs of sight; and the outer world looks dark. Blindness is perhaps the greatest calamity that can befall the sense-life. Yet even this affliction may be borne with cheerfulness if there be light in the soul.

Doors shall be shut in the streets. This figure applies to the lips (See Job xli, 14, Mic. vii, 5). He takes little interest in conversation, for it is an effort to articulate.

Sound of the grinding is low. This denotes the voice, or the articulated sound produced by the organs of the mouth in speech. The voice becomes thin and indistinct.

Shall rise up at the voice of the bird. His sleep is not deep. The earliest songster awakens him. He is roused by the slightest noise.

The daughters of music. All song-stresses "are brought low"—sound low to him, on account of deafness. He loses interest in all musical tones, for he loses the faculty for enjoying sweet sounds.

Afraid of that which is high. The old are weak, and their steps unsteady, so that they are afraid to venture upon any height that requires a firm step. Their breath is short, and it is difficult for them to ascend stairs and hills.

Almond tree shall flourish. The hair becomes white, and the silvered head appears like the full blossoming almond tree which bears its blossoms upon the naked boughs.

Grasshopper shall be a burden. The locust was used as food among the Orientals. He no longer desires what is even easy of digestion.

Desire fails—or as the Septuagint and Vulgate versions translate—"the caper-berry fails." This berry was thought by the ancients to excite appetite.

Man goeth to his long home. Death follows all these signs of decay, and the old man sinks at last into the grave.

There is another interpretation given by some, of the series of figures enumerated above in verses 3 and 4. An Oriental village, besieged by enemies, dilapidated and half deserted, going fast to ruin, forms the groundwork of the illustrations. The interpretation would be this:—In the day when the city-guards are filled with alarm; when even the strong men bow under the burden of defense; when the grinders at the hand-mill suspend labor because so few survive; when the women in the houses no longer look out of their windows; when the doors are shut and bolted for fear of an assault; when the sound of the mill, which is constantly heard in times of prosperity, is scarcely audible; when men start with fear even at the noise of a bird; and all the sengers cease, for no one wants to hear singing in perilous times (Cowie).

Over the silver cord be loosed. Remember thy Creator"—is understood as introducing this verse, "or ever" signifying before. The silver cord referred to in this beautiful passage is that by which a lamp is suspended from the ceiling. The silver cord that holds the burning lamp in its place is used symbolically that mystical something which we call "life." No one knows what life is. Like the silver thread that holds the lamp, and which, when snapped, causes the lamp to fall, and the light to go out, so when the life principle is worn out or suddenly broken by violence, the soul quits the fleshly vessel that held it, and there is only a wreck left visible.

Golden bowl—when the supporting cord is broken, the reservoir attached to the lamp which holds the oil falls and is shattered. This poetic imagery need not be tamely applied to any particular organs of the body. Its beauty is lost by a too narrow interpretation. Death is the disintegration of the body.

Fletcher . . . broken at the fountain. The functions of physical life are at an end. The organs are shattered so that they will no longer hold the flowing life.

Wheel broken at the cistern. Water-wheels, by which water is drawn from wells, are still used in the East. This figure also applies in a general way to the physical organs which supply material for the instrument and growth of the body.

Dust. This is the earthly part and goes back to the earth—the body to the grave.

Spirit. But the "breath" of God, the spirit which He breathes into the flesh, flies home to its Father.

All is vanity. This is the will of a man who had himself tested the vanity of worldly pleasures and sin. He has just described death in poetic language, and yet the after-thought that comes to him is not like that of the Apostle who triumphantly shouts, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Whatever Solomon's ideas of immortality were, he did not seem to look upon death as the ushering in of a glorious future.

The Preacher. There is no good ground for doubting that Solomon was the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes, and the preacher who "taught the people knowledge." He speaks of wise words as "goads," spurs, and excitements to usefulness; or like "nails" which fasten together a structure, holding the character by the strength of wisdom.

Many books. Even in Solomon's day there were many. What would the wise man say of the books now issued by the hundred thousand? A wise reader has said, "Few of the books read among us deserve to be read. Most of them have no principle of life, as is proved by the fact that they die in the year of their birth."

Fear God and keep His commandments. This concludes all Solomon's wise advice. "Fear God!" Honor Him. Serve Him. This comprehends all lesser duties. If men are true to God they must be true to their fellow-men.

God shall bring every work into judgment, etc. Again Solomon seems to say—"Remember!" By the solemnity of that judgment hour which shall uncover to the eyes of the Judge the entire record—the good and the bad accounts alike—men are exhorted to be just. We make our own destiny. The judgment hall where the final sentence will be given is the conscience of the human spirit, as in God's light it passes verdict upon the life.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, September 17.
1 Who wrote the book of Ecclesiastes?
2 What is there in the period of youth that makes it a desirable time to begin a holy life?
3 Is it not possible that old age be happy if it follows upon a noble life?
4 Is there a life to live independent of the senses?
5 Did Solomon believe in a future life and its retributions?

6 Why is fearing God and keeping His commandments the end of all moral teaching?

The Family.

HOW SOON?

BY MRS. W. H. A. SIMMONS.

How soon the angel dark may pause Within our home,
We cannot tell; but this we know,
That hour must come—
When we shall weep o'er some dear friend
From earth set free;
Whose pale, cold form lies quiet in
Death's mystery.

Some one we loved, who loved us well,
Whose presence here
So long has cheered our path below
With hope, through fear.
Who, from the morn of childhood's day,
Guided our feet;
A brother's or a sister's love
So full, complete.

There, somewhere in the future years,
A grave we see;
And oh, we know too well, how sad
Our hearts will be.

And, maybe, more than one green mound
Will then be seen;
Where, through long years, by spade un-
touched,
The grass grows green.

Dear Lord, O let our hearts prepare
That hour to meet,
When, in our darkened home, we hear
The angel's feet.

Instead of tears and sighs, let there
Be rejoicing,
That one more soul has found a rest
Among the free.

Let praises from our lips break forth,
That we shall meet
With loving welcome, when we reach
The heavenly street.

LILL'S VISIT TO THE MINISTER.

BY "TATTYCOOR."

"O Aunt Patience, there's a tall, tall man coming up the front walk, and he's got a beaver hat on, and a long-tailed coat, and I think he looks solemn enough to be a minister. What does your minister look like—say, auntie?" and Lill Bradley stood panting and all out of breath in the middle of the kitchen, hair flying, and shade-hat in hand.

"Ess, auntie; and he's got a tane, and is knockin' off all de pitty posies in de darden," said Benny in great excitement.

Aunt Patience was frying doughnuts, and in her flurry at the thought of morning callers, she forgot to turn them, and the whole spider-fall was scorched.

"Oh dear! Why can't people call at proper times?" she sighed. "Of course it's the Rev. Mr. Jones, and of course he'll stay to dinner. There's the bell now! Here, Lill, I shall have to go up stairs and take down my crimps. You may go to the door, ask the gentleman in, and tell him I will be down in a few minutes. Take Benny with you, Lill," she called, as master Ben showed no inclination to start, and then Aunt Patience went up stairs.

As Benny passed by the dish of doughnuts, he slyly pocketed two or three.

"Please to walk in, Mr. Minister," said Lill proudly, as she opened the door. "How d'ye do? How's all yere folks at home? My Aunt Patience will be down in a minute. When she knew yere was comin', she left her doughnuts she was a frying, and ran up stairs to take down her crimps. Oh, I forgot, this is my brother Benny!"

Aunt Patience, looking over the banisters, saw and heard the whole, and felt like shaking innocent Lill most soundly. It was whispered through the village that the minister took a great deal of interest in pretty Patience Armstrong, and that she would not be averse to changing her name to Patience Jones. He had often admired her wavy hair, thinking, of course, that it was natural, and now Lill had told him that she crimped it on hair-pins.

Meanwhile, Lill and Benny entertained the minister. Lill showed the albums, and told the family history, and Benny took the greasy doughnuts from his pocket and offered them to him. Rev. Mr. Jones was quite charmed, and he invited Miss Lill to come over and see him.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir. I will try to," said she; "and bring Benny with me. Which house do you live in, Mr. Minister? I'm, rather unacquainted round here."

He told her quite gravely, and just then Aunt Patience came in, and Lill and Benny were sent out of doors.

The day after the minister called, Lill followed Aunt Patience around the house trying to help, but really getting in the way. She never cared to help any one unless she had some request to make, and her aunt wondered what it could be. After the dishes were nicely cleared away, it came out. She wanted to call on the minister.

"But, my dear child, he only asked you because it was polite, and it wouldn't be proper for me to call there," said she; "and thinking she had said enough, Aunt Patience seated herself at the machine, and commenced stitching.

Lill and Benny went muttering and scuffling up stairs, and threw themselves upon the plump feather-bed, all out of sorts.

"It's awful mean, Benjamin Franklin Bradley, that we can't go over to see that nice Mr. Jones. Aunt Patience is the hatefullest old maid I ever seed."

"Ess, me fink so, too," replied wee Benny.

"But, Benny, me love, we will go," said Lill, jumping up. "We can creep down just as soft as mice, and unlatch the front door. She won't hear us, and Mr. Minister will be so glad to see us."

"Ess, he be so glad," echoed Benny. "When young ladies goes to make calls they dress all up, and make frizzles. I guess," said Lill; "and, Benny, young gentlemen carry canes, and put on big black moustaches. Come, let us go into auntie's room and fix up."

Alas, for aunt Patience's room! Lill rummaged the bureau drawers and trunks for finery for herself and Benny, and lighting a small lamp, she soon heated a slate-pencil and made a double row of long frizzles across her forehead. Then she put on a pink silk skirt, which trailed a yard, an old-fashioned black lace mantilla, and her aunt's best bonnet.

"Benny, me love, you must go without the moustache this time," said she, "but you ought to be dressed differently;" and she turned his velvet jacket inside out, showing the gay red flannel lining. Then, seizing Aunt Patience's best green parasol, and taking grandpa's oak cane from the rack in the hall, they crept softly out the door, and made their way as fast as they could down the village street, the pink silk sweeping behind Lill in a whirlwind of dust.

"Lemme see, Benny, me love, he said it was a little white house with yellow blinds, but I don't see it yet, do you?" and both little necks were stretched to their utmost in their endeavor to see the house.

"Perhaps 'twill shorten the way if we go through this rye-field, Benny," and so they toiled through the tall rye, and Benny's short legs began to ache.

"I see so tided, Lill! How much farder is it?"

"Only a little way, me love. Here's a big white church where Mr. Minister preaches, I guess, and we'll set down on the steps and rest while I fix my dress."

The fixing over, the children came down the steps. Back of the church stood a little white cottage with yellow blinds, and, dragging Benny along the narrow path, bordered with holly-hocks and petunias, Lill marched up to the wide-open door, and knocked; but no one answered. They listened a moment, and from an inner room came the words, "And fifthly, dear brethren, let us proceed to examine the last clause of our text," in loud, pulpit-like tones.

Lill's eyes opened very wide, and she pinched Benny until he almost screamed.

"He's practicing his sermon, I guess," said she. "Let's go in!"

Up the long hall trotted the comical little figure, and in at the study door which stood ajar. Back and forth walked the minister talking very fast and loud, with much flourishing of arms. Lill giggled, and he turned very quickly in the greatest surprise, as he caught sight of the outlandishly-dressed children.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Minister?" courtesied Lill, and the pink silk rustled, and the feathers on Aunt Patience's best bonnet quivered. "Me and Benny's come to see you, Auntie said we might."

Of course the minister was pleased, and of course he kissed them both, and brought his house-keeper in to see them. She laughed so long that Lill's cheeks grew very red, and Benny doubled up his fists.

The bright Saturday afternoon sped away, and the minister's sermon lay neglected. The flock of which he was the shepherd would have been greatly shocked to have seen him romping in the garden with Lill and Benny.

The little voice in Lill's heart kept whispering softly, and she could not enjoy the merry frolic, knowing how grieved auntie would be at their disobedience. When tea-time came there was, somehow, a great lump in Lill's throat, and she could not swallow the hot muffins and raspberry jam, and the big tears splashed down upon the black lace mantilla and the pink silk.

"What's the matter with the little dear?" said Mrs. Green.

"Oh dear! I want to go home. I want to go home," she sobbed. "I like to come and see you dearly, Mr. Minister, but, oh dear!"—and here the flushed, tear-stained face was buried in the folds of the table-cloth—"my auntie didn't tell me I could come, and I have told a lie." Here Benny gave a mournful howl. "And I know you'll hate me, and Aunt Patience will whip me for wearing her best clothes."

The minister gravely lifted the children down from the table, and, taking his hat, said he would carry them home. He talked to them kindly and simply all the way, telling Lill that her greatest sin was in grieving the good God who loved her so very much, and that she must ask Him to forgive her for her naughtiness of that day.

Aunt Patience met them at the door, and the minister said, before she had a chance to speak, "Miss Patience, I bring you back your trunks; and I ask you to forgive them because I think they are truly sorry for the trouble and anxiety they have caused you. Eh, Lill?"

As the Rev. Mr. Jones said good-night at the door, he could not resist whispering in Aunt Patience's ear, "I think these children are too much care for you. I shall call next week to ask you when I shall be allowed to share the responsibility with you." And Aunt

Patience only blushed, and did not look displeased.

Lill never forgot her first visit to the minister.

A MORNING SONG.

I wake this morn, and all my life
Is freshly mine to live;
The future with sweet promise rife,
And crowns of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take;
Perchance new burdens I may bear
For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks with yesterday begun
More bravely to fulfill.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hands to sow;
Whereby, for others and for me,
Undreamed of fruit may grow.

In each white daisy 'mid the grass
That turns my foot aside,
In each uncurling fern I pass,
Some sweetest joy may hide.

And if, when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
It seems that naught my thoughts recall
But life of every day;

Yet if each step in shine or shower
Be where Thy footsteps trod,
Then blest be every happy hour
That leads me nearer God.
—Chambers' Journal.

THOUGHTS AMONG THE HILLS.

I am taking so much comfort and enjoyment of my few weeks' rest, in this quiet country place, that I feel selfish in keeping it all to myself. I want to give some of the good away. And who shall I ask to share my pleasure? Not the bustling merchant of our city—it would be too quiet for him; the grand old hills would seem monotonous, and he would wish himself into his busy life again. Neither would the woman of fashion enjoy my pleasure. There is no dance hall here to invite her to; none of the gaudies which she seeks in her country resorts. A very short time would tire her of these simple country ways. But I do believe there are many mothers, who read the HERALD, who would gladly come and share these pleasures with me. And to these dear mothers would I talk for a few moments, and tell some of the good thoughts that have come to me.

I took a little walk to-night, just after the sun had hidden us good-night, and I wish I could paint the beautiful pictures that my eyes feasted upon. Far as I could see, to the right, to the left, in front and in the rear, were there beautiful hills—grand, old, noble hills. Not any two of them were alike. Upon some of them were thick forests, which made them look dark and somber. Upon the sides of others were a few trees scattered here and there, and large spaces of rocky ground. Upon the very summit of one high hill stands a lone house, looking in the distance as if the sky rested on its roof. And, as I gazed upon it, I almost imagined that if I lived there, all I would have to do would be to reach up my hand and it would penetrate the sky, and take hold of the hand of God. But, as I look beyond, I see still another hill whose top is covered with an immense white rock, and I think it has been rightly named, "Bald Head Cliff."

These are some of the views I see in the distance, while, between me and the hills, are pictures, beyond my power of description; beautiful valleys with little farm houses nestled here and there—peaceful homes they must be, so far removed from the bustle and excitement of a noisy city life. My soul seems to gather a quiet influence as I look upon them. Here and there are patches of golden grain, pieces of corn waving to and fro in the gentle, summer breezes, velvet-green fields inviting repose upon their peaceful beds; and the white spire of the country church rises amid the hills, its very whiteness suggesting purity, innocence and love.

Dear mothers, were not some of you brought up among just such scenes as these? Did you not live in some quiet country home, among the hills? Did you not go to school in the little old-fashioned, red school-house, and play on the meeting-house steps, and gather the wild strawberries in their season, as they grew on the hillside? The hills in life that you have to climb now are a great deal harder than these were, are they not? You get very tired, your burdens are so heavy, and you wish your journey through life could be on smooth, level ground. How many times have I wished the same; but to-night new thoughts came to me—beautiful, quiet thoughts, that made me feel better. "I will look to the hills from whence cometh my help." Strength is suggested in the very thought, and as I gazed around, looked up into the beautiful sky with its strata of dark clouds bound upon every side with golden and scarlet bindings, then down to lovely earth covered with hills and valleys, and presenting every variety of beauty such as pen cannot describe, listened to the chirping of the cricket, and the deeper music of the frog, the whole scene seemed full of glory, and God was in the place. The presence of the Almighty Father overshadowed me, and Christ, my Elder Brother, seemed to be close beside me, leading me by the hand. A prayer of gratitude rose in my heart, that I had been able to get away from the burdens of life for a short time, and upon the hill tops, hold such sweet communion with Him; and I think I shall carry a good deal of the strength of these hills, back into my busy, every-day life again.

I love to imagine that the city of my God is situated upon a high hill. The home to which I am hastening is to be gained by climbing. And as my journey to yonder hills would be full of ups and downs, first upon the hill top, then

in the valley, still I should ever keep in mind that I was traveling just as fast toward the far off hills while in the valley out of sight, as when standing upon an elevation, I could see the height I wished to gain. So in the ups and downs of life I will ever try to remember, that the everlasting habitation of God standeth sure, and whether I be on the hill top shouting victory, or in the valley of trouble and sorrow able to do nothing but simply cling to Jesus, I am rapidly traveling to my home, where rest and triumph await me.

May every Christian mother be able to cheer herself, and take courage with the thought, that God is a mountain of strength to all who trust Him; that her journey is a gradual ascent, up to her heavenly home where scenes of glory await her; where she shall roam fields dressed in living green, and feast upon loveliness far surpassing anything eye hath seen, or heart conceived. There will be no going back to a life of toil, but it will be rest eternal, sure, and sweet.

These are some of the sweet thoughts that came to me on this peaceful evening as I walked abroad, and if they will rest and quiet some tired mother's heart, even but just a little, I shall be fully repaid for giving them away.

ELIZA BETH.

Fernside Farm, August, 1876.

HOW GIRLS CAN LEARN TO BE HOUSEKEEPERS.

Begin with your own things and your own place. This is what your mother will tell you if you rush to her, enthusiastic with great intentions, and effort to relieve her of half her house-keeping. Don't draw that little bucket of cold water to have it poured back upon your early zeal. Reform your upper bureau-drawer; relieve your closet pegs of their accumulation of garments out of use a month or two ago. Institute a clear and cheerful order, in the midst of which you can daily move; and learn to keep it. Use yourself to the beautiful—which is the right—disposing of things as you handle them; so that it will be a part of your toilet to dress your room and its arrangements while you dress yourself; leaving the draperies you take off as lightly and artistically hung, or as delicately folded and placed, as the skirts you loop carefully to wear, or the ribbon and lace you put with a soft neatness about your throat. Cherish your instincts of taste and fitness in every little thing that you have about you. Let it grow impossible to you to put down so much as a pin-box where it will disturb the orderly and pleasant grouping upon your dressing table, or to stick your pins in your cushion, even, at all sorts of tipsy and uncomfortable inclinations. This will not make you "fussy"—it is the other thing that does that; the not knowing, except by fidgety experiment, what is harmony and the intangible grace of relation. Once get your knowledge beyond study, and turn it into tact—which is literally having it at your finger's ends, as I told you—and order will breathe about you, and grace evolve from commonest things, and uses and belongings, wherever you may be; and "putting things to rights" will not be separate task-work and trouble, any more than it is in the working of the solar system. It will go on all the time, and with a continual pleasure.

Take upon yourself gradually—for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need—all the cares that belong to your own small territory of home. Get together things for use in these cares. Have your little wash cloths and your sponges for bits of cleaning; your furniture brush and your feather duster, and your light little broom and your whisk and pan, your bottle of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine, and piece of flannel, to preserve the polish, or restore the gloss, where dark wood grows dim or gets spotted. Find out, by following your surely growing sense of thoroughness and niceness, the best and readiest ways of keeping all fresh about you. Invent your own processes; they will come to you. I shall not lay down rules or a system for you. When you have made yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartment, so that it is easier and more natural for you to do it than to let it alone—so that you don't count the time it takes any more than that which you have to give to your own bathing and hair dressing—then you have learned enough to keep a whole house, so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned. —Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in St. Nicholas.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

FREDDIE AND HIS ORANGE.

BY MARY ABBEY.

[Concluded.]

Freddie's enjoyments were few and simple, with very little change. He was never taken to a store, seldom went outside the yard, where he played in the long summer days, and in the winter stayed quietly in the house, in the warm, sunny sitting room, busy with his books and playthings, or in his mother's room, where he liked best to be, and where he was a welcome little guest. But Freddie was a happy child; happier than most children are who may seem to have more to make them happy. It is told of him, that he never but once openly rebelled against his lot, and it must be recorded here: He was about three years old at the time, and his moth-

er was very ill—so ill, it was thought little Freddie would soon be motherless. For many days he had been very quiet, the least noise had been hushed. Now this was a new state of things; for, being never a boisterous child, he was seldom checked, but left free and happy in his plays, as his mother liked he should be. His playthings, too, had been taken from him, until nearly all were gone except his precious little hammer; and this, too, as he sat quietly holding it, was taken and put out of his reach, though with the kindest intention, by a neighbor. Freddie had never "taken up arms" (or hands) even in self-defense; but feeling he had the right, he could now speak for himself, and cling to his hammer. He pleaded with emphasis, "it is my hammer; my mamma bought it for me, and 'lows me to have it much as I want!" But, alas, the sight of a boy with a hammer was too suggestive of noise, if not of mischief, to suffer it to remain!

The poor little fellow, seeing there was no hope in his case, could endure it no longer, and quietly took himself out of sight, doubtless to "brood over his wrongs." For a time he was not missed, but in searching he was at last found, up stairs, squeezed behind a door, his face red and swollen, and eyes full of tears, though he had made no sound of crying. When asked "what was the trouble," he sobbed, "I'm a poor, abused child!"

But by this time, I am thinking my little readers are in such sympathy with "my poor, abused child," and hammerless hero (?) that, if they have not quite forgotten, they will now be ready to excuse the boy of the orange.

Freddie is no longer a little boy, and laughs heartily when hearing of his first attempt in practical arithmetic, his first sum in fractions; but he does not allow he made an error, for he reasons, "I and my orange belonged to my mother; the orange was in my possession, to do with it as I pleased; it surely pleased me to give one half to my mother; if I chose to give the other half away, was it not correct?" He thinks his examples are now too much in whole numbers—too often in number one; but those who know him best, are of the opinion he works by the same rule.

A little five-year-old boy heard the Bible story of Samson for the first time. He was much impressed with the efficiency of the weapon which Samson used in one of his hand-to-hand conflicts with the Philistines. A day or two after, his mother, just before getting into a carriage, was trying to break a piece of candy which she had promised to divide between the little lad and his brother. The candy was tough and resisted her efforts. In this emergency the smaller boy looked up at the coachman and said: "Say, James, you haven't got the jawbone of an ass about you, have you?"

M. D. Conway gives this anecdote of the late Lady Stanley: "Last year Lady Augusta Stanley's parrot escaped, and the Dean and a number of the clergy, including the Archbishop, who were with him at the time, went out into the garden to find the bird. The search was in vain for a time, but presently a voice came from the trees above saying, 'Let us pray!' It was a familiar voice, and Lady Stanley laughed, then the Dean laughed, and finally the whole ecclesiastical group roared, as the parrot cry came again with unctious, 'Let us pray!

